

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 22, No. 4.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia August 20 1903.

\$1.00 a Year

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,

Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

J. S. RUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VANSICKLER,

Attorney-at-Law.

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

ACADEMY, W. VA.

Will practice in all the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. C. M. NEIL,

Attorney-at-Law,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,

Attorney,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Practices in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE

Attorney-at-Law,

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE

PRESTON & WALLACE

Attorneys-at-Law,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,

Attorney-at-Law,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections.

T. S. MCNEEL,

Attorney-at-Law,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. A. BRATTON,

Attorney-at-Law,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. M. OLIVER,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Cass, W. VA.

Physicians' Cards.

J. L. MARSHALL, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Marlinton, W. Va.

All calls promptly answered.

SUSAN A. PRICE, M.D.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Practice confined to the Diseases of Women and Children.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,

Denist,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,

DENTIST,

Marlinton and Academy, W. Va.

Gratuit University of Maryland.

Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in Bank of Marlinton building.

DR. M. STOUT,

DENTIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice throughout Pocahontas county.

Those needing his services will please communicate by letter and make appointments to suit convenience.

## BASS FISHING.

### BETTER FISHING THIS YEAR THAN EVER.

The River is Full of Bass Which Should Be Caught. River Over-stocked.

Oh, father dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the kitchen struck eight,

And mama is waiting for you with a stick,

It's so gloomy, so dark, and so late,

The supper's all eat, and the viands are cold,

And mama is mad and says how She ain't going to give you noth-

ing to eat,

Till you go and hunt up the cow, And water the horse, and lay up the fence,

And cut her a big pile of wood, Oh, father come home quit fish-ing right now,

And do up the work and be good.

The touching poem was suggested by the reckless way a victim to the deadly fishing habit hangs on in the evening for one more bite neglecting his family and his work. The shadows fall across the water from the western hills and the bass begin to jump and the night comes on and drives the fisherman home wet and bedraggled to his work, a cold sup- per and a curtain lecture.

The government sharps have alarming statistics of the millions of dollars squandered every year by the fishermen from the fare they pay on the railroads to the amount expended for luminous bait. The Greenbrier gets its full share. Not long ago two young men arrived here with four guides two of whom were Indians and three boats and elaborate fishing and camping outfit and went down stream floating and dragging their weary way to Ronceverte. They assed the writer in a big pool at Burnside. The fishermen sat in stern of their boats and while the guide rowed through the pool cast futile flies to the right and left as those without hope. The heavy boat with camp outfit followed. They seemed a luxuriously having a couple of bedsteads. At the rifle the common sailors leaped overboard and forced the ship along. At a tow head below the echoes of a .22 reverberated among the hills and the fleet came to anchor. Soon after the smoke of a camp fire floated up through the water birches and the pirates went into camp.

Isaac Walton seems to be the first man who chronicled the fact that cast of the tackle does not have anything to do with the number of fish caught and I think that he dubbed fishing as an art, calling it the "gentle art of angling." I had heard of Isaac Walton's Complete Angler—for a long time and finally secured the book but found it very prosy and uninteresting and was not able to read it. He seems to have had a great faculty of getting up early; and stopping at a tavern for something to eat and drink; and having long technical discussions with other foot passengers he would meet on the road. Then he would get in somebody's field by a muddy brook and fish for things like our suckers and chew his cud and ruminant and think up things to put in his book until night came when he would hit the tavern again. He seemed to know no thing of striking trout stream on which never a tree had been cut and packing a frying pan, a hunk of bread, and a box of matches, and when night came of building a fire and lying down and sleeping in his wet clothes. He would have looked in vain for a tavern or even a speak easy on the waters of Tea Creek or the North Fork of Cranberry. And what is more he did not know that such a fish as the black bass was in existence and that if he was fortunate to strike a school that was on the bite he would not have had time to do any run inating. Instead

bringing on a peaceful frame of mind he would be more apt to cast as the frenzied bass stole minnow after minnow of his fast diminishing supply.

In catching a bass the first thing to do is to find your bass. If a man went out to hunt rabbits he would have a poor chance if he loaded his gun and fired point blank into the first covert he came on to the chance of it containing some game. But that is the way with a good many fishermen. They will stand over a pool for hours without seeing a bass. The bass may live there but they are under the rock and are not in the mood. This fisherman has more patience than sense. Another would have gone to the pool and peered in. If the bass are on the bite they will gently edge towards the fisher to see what is doing on that side of the community. When bass can be seen moving in a pool they can be caught. If the bait you have does not suit them, search should be made for something else for the bass has a bill of fare as long as the menu of a Roneverte hotel. Minnows, crawfish, helgramites, crickets, grasshoppers, toads, frogs, limestone lizards, katydids, mice, bacon, fishingworms, and almost every other creeping thing that is good to eat.

I remember on one occasion to have gone fishing and hunted through the waters until I found a lot of bass in a pool. I tried a variety of bait without catching a single bass until I got some green katydids and then caught twenty-five in a short time and quit only because I had enough.

When a bass is struggling at the end of the line if there are any more in the pool ready for the sacrifice they will follow it until the sight of the fisherman drives them back. These are called mourners by some fishermen, and they are apt to follow the deceased very shortly, into the basket. The bass in its struggles generally ejects the bait and one of the mourners will snap it and swallow it. Lately I was fishing in a pool where the water was very shallow and I could see all that went on. I was fishing with a tough sort of minnow known as the Virginia darter, locally as a spotted minnow, which are some times good for as many as five bass to the minnow. I had lost the first minnow, the bass neatly unhooking it and stealing it. On the second minnow I caught the thief and the bait slipped up the line and it ejected the stolen goods which was swallowed by one of the mourners. I next caught the mourners and he passed the stolen minnow down to his next kin until that minnow had been swallowed five times by as many bass. I then lost sight of it as the sport grew fast and furious and I took eighteen out of the pool. This may look like a fish story but it is not. It is a sermon on the subject of bread cast upon the waters.

I have not fished very much this year. It is only sixty days since the season came in and part of the time the water was too high. Then Sundays intervened. There seems to be a prejudice against my going fishing on Sunday but my neighbor who hates fishing but loves to take his girl buggy riding on Sunday can pursue his hobby to the top of his bent and still retain an honored place in the community while my diversion has to give way to the good of the community. I have worn myself out repeatedly fly fishing with very meager results. While there seems to be more bass than ever in the river the fly fishing is not so good as it once was. I have fished with minnows mostly spending a great deal more time catching bait than in fishing. In that time I have on four occasions caught four bass with one minnow and once five bass on the same minnow, and a loss number to the bait in proportion. The way to save bait in this way, who bait is so scarce is to strike the to be improvin'.

Rosco Brown and brother are still plaining lumber in town. The people of Morgantown, W. Va. must be experts in attending to their own business, otherwise it is hard to imagine how it could have happened, that Hebert C. Peck of Philippi and Miss Lizzie Tapp of Morgantown could have been married ten months and no one but themselves knew of it. They are prominent young people, both students of the University and while on a trip to Ohio, about Thanksgiving week, were married and the matter has just come to light.

July 1st a new law went into effect that prohibits the incoming of socialistic agitators. It is to be deplored, however, that the new law contains no provision for putting the agitators already in our country where they may do the most good and the least harm. The relief immediately realized by this new law, is on a par with the relief afforded by furnishing the stable with a new key and lock after the horse was taken out.

## 73 Years Ago.

The year 1830 is an interesting year to the writer of this paragraph, for it was in July of that year, about harvest time he saw the light for the first time.

In place however of any personal reflections, in reference to harvesting he would reproduce some pertinent observations from an exchange, on a newspaper, quoted from the Chicago Daily News May 18, 1903. "The amount of human labor required in 1830, to produce a bushel of wheat from beginning to end is on an average only ten minutes, whereas in 1830, the time was more than three hours."

How pleasant it would be if some of these experts would now figure an explanation of where all that advantage in wheat production has gone to. Here we find that a given expenditure of human labor will now produce eighteen times as much wheat as the same expenditure would have produced seventy odd years ago. But what becomes of it? Working farmers are not eighteen times as well off. Farm hands do not get eighteen times their old wages. Middlemen do not get eighteen times as much for handling. Millers do not get eighteen times as much for grinding, nor bakers for baking. What becomes, then, of all this difference between the productive power of labor in producing wheat in 1830 and now? It is an advantage which somebody gets, if the Department estimate is correct; but who is that Somebody?

Solomon himself could not have written more to the purpose, had he been requested to write a note of introduction for a young friend applying for a government clerkship. Hon. Col. Ingersoll is reported to have done. Having ascertained that the applicant had a young wife and one child, the Col. thus expressed himself.

"Young man, I would rather have forty acres of land with a log cabin on it and the woman I love in the cabin with a little, grassy, winding path leading down to a spring where the water gurgles from the lips of the earth, whistling day and night to the white pebbles a perpetual song—with hollyhocks growing at the corner of the house, and morning glories blooming over the low-latched door—with lattice work over the windows so that the sunlight would fall checkered over the dimpled babe in the cradle, and bird-like songs with wings hovering in the summer air—that to be

everybody feel good, while going on and will suggest pleasing memories for the next half century."

Now if fifty young men, that know of in our county, would save up their good wages, invest in forty acres of land, a cabin and wife to put in it their prosperity and material happiness would be surer things than a clerkship in Washington city could give promise of.

The prosperous people of Pocahontas to-day are the children of parents who made such investments forty or fifty years ago, as I can well remember.

W. T. P.

## A Secret Marriage.

Elmer Burner was in town Sunday. Mr. Walter Arbogast has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Marvin Wenger.

Mr. McClure of Greenbrier is taking Medical treatment under Dr. J. L. Lambert and is improving nicely.

Miss Girtie Grogg is very low with the fever.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Irby Beard a fine boy.

Burner is sinking a well for H. N. Hannah.

Rosco Brown and brother are still plaining lumber in town.

The people of Arbovale will

## The New Trespass Law.

Section 1. If any person shall enter the orchard, field, garden or market garden of another person, without the consent of the owner or occupier thereof, and shall do any damage to the fruit, vegetables, grain or grass growing or being thereon, or shall take, carry away, injure or destroy any of the grain, fruit, grass or vegetables growing or being thereon, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not less than \$5 and may be confined in jail not exceeding six months.

If any person commits any of the acts mentioned herein and it is charged and proved that the property injured and destroyed, taken or carried away, be of greater value than \$50, the offender shall be guilty of a felony and confined in the penitentiary not less than one year nor more than two.

## An Ideal Picnic.

A spicy correspondent of the Boone Democrat, writes in a way to make us feel they certainly have thing nice in that "neck" of the W. Va. woods.

A fourth of July picnic is written up in this way: "The exercises of the day did not consist of drunks, scraps, kicking of heels on a stage quarreling fussing and flying devils, Dutchmen and all that sort of thing, but on the other hand the exercises of the day consisted of swinging in the root shade in the sycamore grove, running, foot races by the little boys, playing croquet in the forenoon. Then came a nice dinner free to all, afterwards a program gotten up by the young folks.